

The Holt County Sentinel.

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Holt County Sentinel.

(WEEKLY.)
EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
CHAS. W. BOWMAN.
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Club of ten copies, 15 00
And one copy to getter up of club.

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25 cents per line for each insertion. Obsolete notices, resolutions and proceedings of benevolent and religious associations to be charged half price—75 cents per square.

ANNOUNCING CANDIDATES.
In advance, \$5 00
No certificates of publication to be made until publisher's fees are paid.

Professional Cards.

FRANCIS VORLES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
HAVING regained my health, I again offer my professional services to the people of the 12th Judicial Circuit, and hope, by strict attention to my business, to merit a share of the public patronage.
OFFICE—With T. H. Parrish, over Mitchell's Bakery. 112-3m

IRA C. BUZICK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
187-ly

R. D. MARKLAND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
OFFICE—Southeast corner in court house.
WILL GIVE prompt attention to any business entrusted to his care in the Twelfth Judicial District. 11-ly

T. H. PARRISH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Oregon, Mo., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care, in North-West Missouri and Kansas.
Office—One door west City Hotel, up stairs. 11-ly

Dr. E. G. Pugsley,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Oregon, Mo.
REFERENCES:
Hon. S. J. R. McMillan, St. Paul, Minn.
Hon. W. R. Marshall, Governor, " "
Hon. Alex. Ramsey, St. Paul, " "
Rev. J. L. Howell, Stillwater, " "
Rev. Joseph Russell, Rochester, N. Y.
Henry Brewster, esq., New York City.
H. B. Ketcham, St. Joseph, Missouri.
Col. O. G. McDonald, Stewartsville, Mo. 14-3m

Dr. W. F. THOMAS,
HOMOEOPATHIC
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
OFFICE—Over W. & J. W. Zook's. 6-3m

Dr. R. KING,
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Oregon and vicinity. Having had an experience of twenty-four years in the practice of medicine, he hopes to be able to render satisfaction to those who may favor him with their patronage. Office at residence, west of W. H. Stewart's store. 11-ly

J. S. BUMPS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE—East side Public Square.
OREGON, MISSOURI.
TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Oregon and vicinity. All calls will receive prompt attention, day or night. 11-ly

Business Cards.
W. M. WETH & CO.,
IMPORTERS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE, CUTLERY,
SADDLERY.
Number 43, Second Street.
ST. JOSEPH, MO.
Prices guaranteed as low as in any Western City. 148-ly

CAHN & GOTTLOB,
DEALERS IN
MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING,
And Furnishing Goods,
No. 49 North Side of Market Square,
ST. JOSEPH, MO.
Goods sold cheap for Cash. No trouble to show Goods. 11-9m

A. C. BEVAN,
HOUSE, SIGN, & ORNAMENTAL PAINTER
OREGON, MISSOURI.
11-ly

JAMES SCOTT,
TAX-PAYING AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,
Oregon, Holt County, Mo.,
WILL attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. Has a number of good farms for sale.
OFFICE—At Residence.
11-ly

CHRISTIAN KRAUS. ALBERT ROECKER.
Krauss & Roecker,
LAGER BEER BREWERS,
FOREST CITY, MISSOURI.
H. ready to supply their customers with good Beer, in such quantities as may be desired.
11-ly

JAMES H. NILES,
DEALER IN STOVES,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, COPPER, AND SHEET IRON WARE,
Northeast corner of Public square,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
Old Copper, Brass, and Pewter taken in exchange for Tinware. 11-ly

WM. HASKINS & CO.,
BLACKSMITHS,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Holt County and the public generally that they are prepared to do Blacksmithing in its various branches, promptly and on reasonable terms.
SHOP—Second building east of City Hotel. 11-ly

HAMILTON DILL,
DEALER IN
DRUGS AND GROCERIES,
MOUND, CITY, MO.,
DESIRE to inform the public of Mound City, and vicinity, that he has just opened a large stock as above, which he offers at the Lowest Possible Figures.
118-ly

MARTIN WHITMER,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips,
Spurs, &c.,
Oregon, Missouri.
A large stock of my own manufacture constantly on hand—by the best of workmen. Can supply anything wanted in my line, on short notice. 1-40-ly

J. MURPHY & CO.,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
OREGON, MO.
READY MADE CLOTHING, and goods of the Latest Styles, always on hand. Suits made on short notice, and best style. Call and see the Largest, Best, and most Complete Stock of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, ever offered in this city. 11-6m

William Cotton,
GUNSMITH,
Oregon, Missouri.
ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING done in good order, and at reasonable prices. New guns made to order. I am also prepared to do Jeweller's Work.
147-6m

Livery, Sale, & Feed
STABLE.
BEALS & ADAMSON,
WOULD respectfully state to the public that they have purchased, and are fitting up the old livery stable stand in this place, where they keep constantly on hand good Saddle Horses, Buggies, Carriages, Hacks, &c. Will also give special attention to the feeding or sale of horses.
Transient custom particularly solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed at all times.

GEO. P. LUCKHARDT,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
I am prepared to do any thing in my line of business. Pictures, such as
AMBOTYPES, FERROTYPES, &c., &c.,
Taken in a superior manner, and at
Low Prices.
11-ly

B. B. FRAZER,
MOUND CITY, MO.,
H. H. keeps
A General Stock of
Dry Goods,
Groceries,
Boots,
Shoes,
Hats,
Caps, &c.,
In short everything usually found in a country store. Prices as low as any.
11-ly

VALUABLE PREMIUMS ARE NOW OFFERED FOR CLUBS TO THE SENTINEL.

BOYS IN BLUE.

Four hundred thousand men,
The young, the brave, the true,
In tangled wood and mountain glen,
On battle plain, in prison pen,
Lie dead for me and you.
For me and you,
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you!

We marked their courage high;
Their worth we little knew;
We saw ten thousand marching by,
Nor thought they left us to die,
To die for me and you.
These men, our nation's hope and pride,
Four hundred thousand men, have died!

By many a fevered swamp,
By many a black bayou,
By many a cheerless, frozen camp,
The weary sentinel ceased his tramp
And died for me and you.
Our brothers nurtured by our side,
Four hundred thousand men, have died!

Up many a fortress wall
They charged, those "boys in blue."
Mid cannon's flash and volleyed ball,
The bravest were the first to fall,
To fall for me and you!
The patriot's courage fired each eye;
Four hundred thousand dared to die.

On many a bloody plain
Their ready words they drew,
And poured their life-blood like the rain,
A home, a heritage to gain,
To gain for me and you.
From Western plain to ocean tide
Are stretched the graves of those who died!

In "no-man's-land" hold
Their martyr-spirits grew
To stature like the saints of old,
While, amid agonies untold,
They starved for me and you.
The good, the patient and the tried,
Four hundred thousand men, have died!

A debt we never can pay
To them is justly due;
But to the nation's latest day
Our children's children still shall say,
"They died for me and you."
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made this ransomed soil their grave!
—[American Messenger.]

FATAL JOKE.

I was once present where a small party of young persons were warmly discussing the subject of practical joking. After a long and interesting debate, the question seemed about to be decided in favor of a gentleman, whose singular melancholy and dejected air at once attracted our attention, related the following story:

In my younger days, I was remarkable for my fondness for practical joking, even to such a degree that I never allowed a good opportunity to pass unimproved.

My orphan cousin, Robert, to whom I was fondly attached, was of a different nature from this. He was sober and sedate, almost to a fault, very thoughtful, and very bashful. This stupidity, as I called it, was often a check upon my natural gaiety, and it was seldom I could induce him to join my boyish sports, though he sometimes did, merely to gratify me. Poor Robert! the green turf of his native valley—on whose bosom the fairest flowers England could boast of have blossomed and withered, and passed away to eternity, leaving behind them a lasting impress of their loveliness—now covers his mouldering ashes. Yes, Robert is dead, and I am the cause of his untimely end; and the circumstances of which will serve to convince you of the worse than folly of practical joking.

It was late one evening in early September, that Robert and myself retired to our room to talk over the exciting scenes of the day, for it was the night after the election, and a fine holiday had been to us. I had just returned from a visit to some friends in the city, and had, of course, brought with me many curious things which Robert had never seen nor heard of. Among them was a mask, the use of which I explained to my simple cousin, who laughed and wondered why people could wish to look horrible enough to wear one.

I was in my gayest mood, just ready for an adventure, and seeing he was disposed to make fun of my mask, I proposed an experiment.

"Why?" exclaimed my cousin, "you do not intend to wear it in bed, do you?"

"Far from it," I replied; "it is you who should wear the mask, not I. I am quite enough without it."

"A very just remark, indeed," he observed gravely.

I had never seen him in better humor, and I thought it best to unfold my plans at once. At our next door lived a wealthy gentleman, whose daughter my bashful cousin was already smitten.

That very night, as we passed by, he had called and bade her good night, and received one of the sweetest smiles from the happiest eyes and most charming

lips I ever beheld. I was his bosom friend, and to me he always entrusted his secrets: (alas! how little have I deserved such confidence;) yet he always blushed when I spoke of Julia.

Some evil spirit, I know not what else it could have been, prompted me when I proposed to have a little sport at her expense. My plan was this: he was to dress himself in a suit of clothes to correspond with the mask, which, by the way, was the most frightful looking thing I ever saw, repair to the dwelling of his friend, and call her to the door by rapping. I was to stand near to witness the result, and participate in the joke.

He blushed, hung his head, and of course refused. I had expected this, but flattered myself that I could easily persuade him to the contrary. It was, however, a harder task than I had anticipated, for his unwillingness seemed greater than ever—the reason I readily understood.

I pouted! and pshawed! and at last threatened to expose to all the boys his cowardly disposition, as I pleased to term it, and tender feeling to Julia, which as yet, none of them had discovered. This last argument proved more successful than the other, for he well knew I never suffered the slightest threat to remain unfulfilled; and the fear of which he most wished to conceal, conquered; he yielded, though reluctantly, his consent. I even exulted over my triumph, though I have often since wished my lips had been struck dumb before I had uttered those words that sealed the after fate of two pure beings.

But in my thoughtlessness I rushed heedlessly on in whatever I undertook, regardless of consequences. My wild, reckless spirit, had never been tamed.

Finding that there was but one alternative, and that, to submit cheerfully to my whim, he suffered himself to be arrayed as my fancy suggested, with good grace, and even laughed quite heartily as I added garment after garment, in order to make him look as could see that he was ill at ease, and I half condemned myself for being the cause of his unhappiness.

When at length all was arranged to my satisfaction, I placed the horrid mask over his face, and led him to the mirror. He started back, and involuntarily placed his hand to his head, as if to take it away, but my interference prevented. He even pleaded that the penalty I had threatened to inflict, in case he refused to go, might be spared him. But I was inexorable. I was anxious to see the result, and the delay caused by his unwillingness vexed and annoyed me.

A renewal of my threats of exposure succeeded in removing all obstacles, and we immediately set about our adventure. Cautiously as thieves we crept through the yard, and each took up his station; Robert at the door, and I at the window nearest him.

The curtain was partly drawn aside, so that I could easily distinguish every object in the room. As I had anticipated, she was alone. The domestic had retired, and I knew her old father too well to believe that he was anywhere but in the arms of Somnus; for he was one of those sensible persons whose maxim is "Early to bed, and early to rise."

Julia—and I shall never forget how lovely she was—sat beside a small table in the center of the room, apparently deeply absorbed in a book. Her fair hand supported her head, and her hair fell gracefully down her neck in beautiful natural ringlets. She was a delicate wild flower that had budded and blossomed under the shelter of a father's roof; and the sunshine of gladness and the dews of affection had ever lighted and cheered her way.

At length I made the signal, and a loud rap was given. She paused for a moment, listened attentively, and then laying down her book, arose and approached the door. As she opened it, the mask stepped boldly in, according to my directions. How shall I describe the scene that followed? Even now I shudder to think of it. Instantly all earthly hue had vanished from her face, and with a piercing shriek she staggered back a few paces, and fell heavily to the floor. Quicker than lightning I sprang through the doorway, and knelt at her side. I grasped her wrist—its pulsation had ceased! I placed my hand upon her heart—that was also still! She was dead!

I can recall little else that took place that night. The domestics who slept

in an adjoining room had been awakened by that terrible shriek and came rushing in to learn the cause of the uproar. I could not have spoken, even had explanation been necessary. I was overwhelmed with grief and self-condemnation. I could only point to the lifeless form of poor Julia, and at the mask which Robert had torn from his face and dashed to the floor. He stood gazing at me with a cold, vacant stare, that I but too well understood. More I cannot remember.

Ten days passed, and I awoke from a raving delirium. My first inquiry was for Robert. They led him to my bed side; but oh, what a change! I stretched out my clasped hands in an agony of grief and remorse, to implore his forgiveness. He neither moved nor spoke; but that same unmeaning stare drove home to my heart the fearful conviction. Alas! he was a hopeless idiot!

Fifteen years have gone since that never-to-be-forgotten era of my life. I never have, I never can forgive myself for having been the cause of so much misery, though I have sought and hoped for forgiveness from on High. I never can look upon a mask without a shudder, or hear its use denounced without alluding to my experience. And you my young friends, when you are tempted to play tricks upon others, I am sure will stop to consider that what seems so innocent and harmless, may perhaps, in the end, prove a "fatal joke."

THE FINAL FATE OF THE UNIVERSE.

If two bodies were placed in space without any force acting upon either of them other than their own gravity, they would immediately start toward each other, and would rush together. The sun and planets which constitute the stellar system, to which our solar system belongs, are prevented from rushing together into one mass by their revolutions about each other. The revolutions of the planets around our sun, and of the satellites about their primaries, have been ascertained, with that won of astronomical science, and astronomers are now engaged in the sublime problem of unraveling the revolutions of the countless suns that make up our stellar system. Already the cluster of the Pleiades is indicated as the proximate locality of the center around which our sun, with his attendant planets, is sweeping his vast orbit; and it is suggested that this is probably the common center of the orbits of all the suns of our stellar system.

If the force of gravity extends across the inconceivable spaces which separate the several stellar systems of the universe, these systems must rush together unless they are held apart by revolutions around each other.

If light were an emanation, as held by Newton, the spaces between the solid bodies of the universe might be absolutely empty; and, in that case, the revolutions of the bodies around each other might go on forever. On the other hand, if light is a vibration in a subtle fluid, this fluid must obstruct the motions of bodies revolving in it, and they must finally come together in one mass. The experiment, so ingeniously devised by Arago, and carried out with such honorable regard for the fame of its designer, by Messrs. Foucault, Fizeau, and Breguet, to determine whether there is a difference in the velocity of light in its passage through air and through water, has demonstrated that light is a vibration. It follows from this, that as far as light extends, space is filled with a material fluid which resists the motion of bodies revolving in it, and bodies within this space must gradually wind their way inward, and ultimately come together into one mass.

The moon must be drawing very slowly nearer and nearer to the earth, and the two bodies, in the far distant future, will come together. The solid crust of the earth will be broken up by the shock, an immense quantity of heat will be generated by the destruction of the moon's motion, and the two bodies will fuse together into one molten globe. As the new and enlarged earth is cooled upon its surface, a second series of geological deposits will be constituted, accompanied, perhaps, by strange and inconceivable forms of animal and vegetable life.

At the same time, the earth is winding its way inward toward the sun, and must ultimately fall, an inconceivable pebble, into that vast glowing mass. The same fate awaits all the planets, and our solar system must one

day be but a single globe. When this globe is cooled to the right temperature, it may be covered with a multitude of inhabitants, and astronomers may arise who will watch its revolutions among the associated suns of our stellar system.

If their knowledge and intellect are equal to the science of our astronomers, they will foresee the ultimate coming together of all these suns into one common globe. And not this only, for they will predict the final coming together of all the stellar systems of the visible universe into one mass of matter.

When this mass is first collected it will be intensely hot from the destruction of motion in the several suns and systems of suns as they come together. The heat will be radiated outward into the universe, and the one mass of matter will be gradually cooled. During the cooling there will be the same play and mutual interchange of heat, light, electricity, magnetism and other imponderable forces that there is now upon this earth. As the cooling proceeds the action of these forces will diminish; when 977 deg. is reached, light will cease, and darkness will fill the universe. As each vibration of heat leaves the surface of the material mass, it will expand outward at the rate of 192,000 miles per second in all directions, in the form of a swiftly-swelling hollow globe. When the temperature of absolute cold is reached (—493.2 deg.) the last vibration of heat will leave the mass of matter and expand outward through infinity of space and time.

Supposing, however, the etherial fluid which fills the visible portion of the universe is limited in extent, so that the last vibration of heat will reach its boundaries, and cease, what then becomes of the force of the universe, and of the doctrine of the conservation of force?—[Scientific American.]

VERY LUCID.—During the assize, in a case of assault and battery where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following clear and conclusive evidence was drawn out of a Yorkshireman: "Did you see the defendant throw the stone?" "I did see the stone, and I saw pretty sure the defendant throwed it."

"Was it a large stone?" "I should say it wur a largish stone."

"What was its size?" "I should say a sizable stone."

"Can't you answer definitely how big it was?" "I should say it were a stone of some bigness."

"Can't you give the jury some idea of the stone?" "Why, as near as I recollect, it wur something of a stone."

"Can't you compare it so as to give some notions of the stone?" "I should say it wur as large as a lump of chalk!"

An Englishman boasting of the superiority of the horses in this country mentioned that the celebrated Eclipse had run a mile in a minute. "My good fellow," exclaimed an American present, "that is less than the average rate of our common roadsters. I live in my country seat, near Philadelphia, and when I ride in a hurry to town of a morning, my own shadow can't keep up with me, but generally comes into the warehouse to find me from a minute to a minute and a half after my arrival. One morning the beast was restless, and I rode him as hard as I could several times round a large factory, just to take the old Harry out of him. Well, sir, he went so fast that the whole time I saw my back directly before me, and was twice in danger of riding over myself." The Englishman subsided.

A quiet family in the country were electrified the other day by the receipt of a telegraphic dispatch from a daughter who was teaching in a city. The telegram was passed around and duly admired. The dashing boldness of the chirography came in for its share of praise. The old lady shook her head with an air of grateful pride as she ejaculated, slowly: "Ann Maria allers did write like a man; guess she's been takin' writin' lessons: this here beats her last letter all holler!"

A young lady riding in a car on the Susquehanna railroad, had her "back hair" grasped violently from behind, wrenched from her head and thrown out of the window. Several prolonged shrieks followed, but she was finally informed that a spark from the locomotive had set her head on fire. She was glad to have it put out, but was sorry to have it thrown out of the window.